

To Slay a God
by earthrise

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Summary: Gordon Freeman and Ditzy Doo have had so much taken from them by That Thing that pretends to be a man. They have had enough.

This is their journey. This is their folly. This is their only hope. This is their desperate quest: To Slay a God.

To Slay a God

AN:Don't own ponies, MTG or Half Life. This is what you guys get since Warmare is still kicking my butt. I've got the chapter guts but the quality is far from up to snuff. Anyway, enjoy this randomness. Don't expect it to update anytime soon.

"No! Gordon!" Alyx cried out desperately.

The One Free Man cringed as the advisor raised him up, about to impale him just like the overgrown slug creature had done seconds earlier to his friend and mentor, Eli Vance.

This is it. All this and I'm really going to die right here. So much for being free from His influence—

Everything stopped.

That Thing appeared, skin pallid, eyes of a shade that was just somehow terribly wrong, speaking of a terrible inhumanity hidden within their depths. For all it wore a business suit, Gordon knew with every fiber of his being that it was no man.

"Hellllo again, Missster Freeman. I confessssss myself disss-appointed with your- performance. Our contract wass, shall we sssay, exclusive. Perhapssss an ... object lesson ... will keep you in line?"

In an instant, Gordon was no longer about to be impaled by the Advisor.

In an instant, Alyx was.

Oh please God, no.

"The respect is a good start, Missster Freeman, but not nearly enough. You. Are. **Mine**."

Time resumed, and Gordon could only watch in horror as the woman he was falling for was slain by the same creature that killed her father.

Alyx! Gordon tried to call out, but all that came from his permanently damaged vocal cords was a bubbly hiss.

That Thing is going to die.

It was a promise, not just a vow of revenge but of desperation, to never let this happen again.

That Thing straightened his tie, and smirked. It was only a couple of seconds before that smirk turned to an odd stare.

That Thing's stare turned to an enraged snarl, and for a moment Gordon thought he saw That Thing snatching at him with too many appendages, but he was too busy screaming to care. It felt like he was being ripped in half. And in half again, and again and again and again...

Everything began to fade to white.

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\_Wake up.\_

Gordon tried to mentally retreat from the voice, to wrap himself back in the folds of oblivion, forgetting everything.

\_Wake up. You are safe now, That Thing cannot reach us here. You are free.\_

\_Alyx...\_

Memories flashed through Gordon's head as he relived the highlights of the past week.

><em><br>Oh, by Celestia, I was too late. I thought I could spare someone else the pain that I felt, but I was too late, again. Always too damn late!\_

Gordon heard a sobbing above him, and he strained to open his eyes.

Standing over him was a Pegasus. A gray-blue pegasus with a blonde mane, and eyes that seemed to refuse to work together, with tears rolling down its face.

\_He took my husband from me.\_

An image flashed through Gordon's mind, a russet colored unicorn bleeding out while That Thing lurked in the background. The gray

pegasus was frozen, one eye fixed on her husband, and the other glaring at That Thing with a hatred that surpassed even Gordon's.

><em><br>I escaped not long after that, but since then he has kept a tighter grip on his pawns.\_

The pegasus backed away from him slightly and beckoned for him to get up.

Gordon struggled to his feet, looking around at what appeared to be a room in an old fashioned inn. He then fought his scarred vocal cords to ask the question burning in his mind.

"How?" He rasped out.

><em><br>Quite the scientist aren't you? Even in times like these... Ah yes, introductions, please forgive me as I had already determined your name. They call me Bright Eyes, and I am a mind mage, amongst other things. But you can call me Ditzy Doo.\_

The pegasus looked at the face he made at that statement, and giggled lightly.

\_Don't look at me like that, I'm really as much a scientist as you are, despite the name and talent. Anyway, one of the perks of being a mind mage: zero language barrier problems. I'm going to shove a translation matrix in your head so we can converse without me doing any unnecessary skimming, okay? I'm not going to do anything untoward. Cross my heart, hope to die, stick a cupcake in my eye.\_

She looked around as if she expected something, but nothing out of the ordinary appeared in the room.

><em><br>\_\_Heh. As long as there aren't any screws that go round and round, okay.\_

With that assent, Gordon proceeded to feel one of the strangest sensations he had felt in his entire life. It felt like someone had just shoved his brain through a sieve and zapped him in the base of the neck with a taser. After several seconds it simply became too much, and he once more felt the sweet embrace of oblivion.

He woke up tucked into the bed. There was a note on the desk with a gray-blue feather sitting atop it.

\_Dear Dr. Freeman,\_

\_Have gone to pick up supplies. I'll be back before sunset. Don't wander off, it's dangerous to go alone.\_

\_~Ditzy Doo\_

Gordon didn't know how long he sat there, staring at the note.

He didn't even realize that he was crying until he heard the door open, and Ditzy Doo returned with laden saddlebags.

She looked at him, dropped the bags, and strode quickly across the room. Before he knew it, he was in a tight embrace of hooves and wings, and he was breaking down completely.

The fit of crying eventually came to an end, and the embrace ended shortly afterward.

"Thanks..."

"Don't mention it, Dr. Freeman. I'm sorry about the spell. It wasn't supposed to hurt you. I guess I'm just out of practice with non-weaponized spells at the moment," Ditzy apologized. "It's a good thing you recovered from whatever error I made with the spell matrix. Not fun at all to look after comatose patients in a friendly plane, let alone someplace like Zendikar."

Gordon gave her a questioning look.

"It's a plane, a universe if you will. And in this case bad news. This place is being invaded too, but hopefully we'll be able to get off before it's a problem. Hopefully. I've paid for this room for the next two weeks to keep the innkeeper from getting antsy, but like I said we should be able to leave before then. In the meantime, all we can do is wait."

The pegasus, now standing in the middle of the room, flared her wings and slid her front hooves forward, her chest nearly touching the ground in a strange imitation of a playful dog. Her golden eyes went wild and she gave a crazy grin.

"So... Can I play with your brain some more?"

End  
file.